THE PACIFIC

VOL. LVIII BERKELY AND SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 2, 1908 No. 27

Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

The Fourth of July.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow the story!
O'er the bones of the bold
Be the story long told,
And on fame's golden tablets their triumph's enrolled
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame;
Shall we ever forget them? Oh, never! no never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue!
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deed through the long line of ages be sung
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

—Charles Sprague in Day and Deeds.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851

Entered at Berkeley as second-class matter.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Published weekly by the Publishing Company of The Pacific. Subscription price $2.00 per year.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor,

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Three thousand dollars have been subscribed toward a $20,000 gymnasium for Pacific University at Forest Grove, Oregon.

The Northern California Congregational Conference will meet this year in Sacramento, October 20. The First Church of that city extends a hearty invitation. The Rev. H. E. Jewett, the registrar, says that the Sacramento church is "a royal hostess."

The organization of a Japanese church out of the Japanese branch of the First Congregational Church of Fresno gives that city five Congregational churches. They are two German, one English, one Armenian and one Japanese. The German churches have the largest membership.

Washington and Oregon are linked together now by a two-million dollar railroad bridge across the Columbia at Vancouver. It is the forging of another link in that chain of developments which not a few Oregonians believe will in process of time make Portland the greatest city in our Pacific Northwest. Be that as it may, there are people now living who will go up on Council Crest and look down on a city of a million inhabitants. The down-grade route to the sea will be utilized ere long now in such a manner as to make Portland a far more important commercial center than she ever before has been.

The writer of the article entitled "Timmie's Pledge," in The Pacific this week,—Mrs. Sarah McClees, of Oakland, is 86 years old. About two years ago The Pacific had an article in which was set forth the great work which Mrs. McClees had done as the superintendent for many years of the department for work among soldiers and sailors in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She is nearly blind now, but retains her mental faculties well, being able to repeat for instance, the thirty-two stanzas of Browning's poem, "Grow Old Along With Me," which she committed less than two years ago. Hers has been a widely useful life. Blessed are they who grow old as Mrs. McClees has!

The total registration at the California Christian Endeavor Convention at Sacramento was 2,270. There were 536 Presbyterian delegates, 317 Methodist, 268 Congregational, 245 Baptist, 221 "Christian," 147 Lutheran, and 143 various other denominations. The visiting Endeavorers from twelve Eastern states numbered 33. The convention goes next year to Pasadena, and Mr. H. H. Godber of that city was chosen as president. Mr. Godber is superintendent of the Sunday-school of the First Presbyterian Church, which position he resigns in order to properly discharge the duties of the new position. The convention sermon this year was given by the Rev. Dr. Temple of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento on "The Kingship of Christ."

The New York Post quotes as follows from the baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles at Stanford University: "The Republican convention at Sacramento is of greater significance this year. The life of service is not a dead ambition when men imperil political advancement and commercial prosperity because they believe that California politics has been dominated by corporate interests to the detriment of the commonwealth. Some one has called the new forms of wrong 'smokeless sin,' because it is hard to tell just who is responsible. We can feel the moral wound, but cannot locate its exact source. If you are true to the life of service, a part of your business will be to run down and stop these smokeless sins."

Last week the Oregon Historical Society came into possession by gift from Mr. W. T. Shanahan of Portland of a writing desk which belonged to Mrs. Narcissa Prentiss Whitman. The desk, which is of pine veneered with mahogany, was brought from Cuba, Allegheny county, New York, to "the Oregon Country," in 1836. It went by water to Liberty, Missouri, and thence across the plains and over the mountains to the Hudson Bay Company's fort at Vancouver, on the Columbia, reaching there in September, 1836. In December of that year it was carried to Wai-il-at-pu, near Walla Walla, Washington, where it remained until the time of the massacre by the Indians in 1847. The desk, along with other personal effects of the murdered missionaries, was picked up by Governor Abernethy and General Gilliam, who, with a regiment of volunteers, pursued and punished the Indians. Passing later into the custody of Colonel Waters, the desk was given by him at the close of the Cayuse war to Mrs. J. Q. Thornton, who after keeping it for forty years, gave it, in 1888, to the gentleman who placed it last week with the many other valuable relics in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society. The desk is a small one, being, when closed, 9 1-2 by 17 inches with a depth of seven inches. When opened it is 17 by 19 1-2 inches. It contains six compartments.

The Rev. G. W. Fulton of Kanazawa, Japan, who has been in the Presbyterian mission work in that country for twenty years, is visiting in Portland, Oregon. To an Oregonian reporter Mr. Fulton said: "Japan is not seriously disturbed over the Pacific Coast problem. There is a feeling there that the United States will deal justly with these matters. Personally, I am not opposed to immigration restrictions, but I do not feel that the harsh way of enforcing them or the singling out of the Japanese or Chinese is wise or just. If laws are needed, let them be applicable to all and enforced fairly, and let the American people know that the Japanese will make just as desirable citizens, if not more so, than many who are now coming into America from Europe. The Pacific Coast ought to look well to its own commercial interests in this matter. The Japanese steamer on which I came over two weeks ago did not get a pound

of freight or a single passenger at a Chinese port, although normally there would have been an abundance of both. The boycott over the Tatsu-Maru affair has been relentlessly applied by the Chinese and Japan is learning her lesson. The Coast may have to learn the same lesson." Concerning missionary work, Mr. Fulton says: "Our missionary work is not at all discouraging, although we have to face constantly the Japanese attitude of confusing things American with things Christian. Whatever a Christian nation does is Christian, they reason. The result is that the church is censured for things for which it is not responsible." With reference to Japanese immigration this missionary says suggestively: "If the Japanese who come to America would only scatter out more through the Middle West and the East, it would probably be better for all concerned."

The Rev. Dr. Temple and wife of the First Congregational Church of Sacramento have gone to Seattle, in which city and vicinity they will spend their vacation. The church will be closed during the vacation period. On last Sunday's calendar Dr. Temple said: "It is hoped that our people who may remain in the city will visit the neighboring churches, and cultivate that spirit of fellowship with other Christians which attests to the beauty of our religion." Reviewing the last six months, Dr. Temple said to his people: "As the first half of the first year of the present pastorate is about to close, it seems fitting that I should express to you some of the thoughts that come to me on the eve of our summer vacation, take a little account of stock and look somewhat into the future. We have traveled most happily together thus far on the journey. My coming has seemed so providential from my standpoint, and God has so clearly shown his guidance, that every step of the way has been most delightful. Your hearty reception when I came, your hearty co-operation with me in the work ever since, and your confidence that our partnership must result in progressive and permanent good have strongly reassured me. There are, however, altogether too few of us. Too few of the people accredited to us in this city attend our services. Too few of those who attend are deeply interested spiritually in the progress of Christ's Kingdom here. These things should not discourage us. They should rather stimulate the faithful few to greater diligence and more determined activity for the Master. I am giving myself unreservedly to you. Will you not respond, and persuade others to respond, in a similar spirit? The result must be inspiring. There are plenty of people in the city, even in the parish. Let us get after them. So far, including today's additions, we have received some thirty-eight into membership of the church during this first six months. The accession of the young people is a very encouraging fact. There are more to come in the near future. This C. E. convention will doubtless accomplish much in this regard. With the parish now thoroughly organized, and the spirit of perfect harmony and good will in all our work, there should be a very large advance this next year. Here is my hand in a compact of service of the most enthusiastic kind from September 1 till June 30. Let us resolve to make a great record in 1908-09."

One of our linotype operators remarked as he finished setting the article entitled "A Workingman's Story," in the home department of The Pacific this week, "That article alone is worth many times the subscription price of the paper."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The name of the Dunkard Church has been changed to the Church of the Brethren.

The late Charles A. Dana, the noted jorunalist, said a few years before his death, that by the year 1920 Manhattan Island would be Judaized. There are nearly a million Jews there now.

According to recent enactments new officers in the United States army must be at least five feet five inches in height. This would rule out the gallant Phil Sheridan were he living. It leaves out some of the readers of The Pacific.

Writing concerning Mexico's thrift the Mexican Herald remarks: "Avoiding by honorable means occasions for hostilities, the Mexican government has set a notable example to many more powerful nations. The people have not been ground down by the weight of taxation imposed because of excessive military expenditures, or by reason of other extravagances. On the contrary, the lower classes have steadily risen in the scale of comfort, especially the artisan class. While the cost of living has risen so have wages increased. Schools have multiplied, mills and factories have become numerous, and the ways of employment have grown to be numerous and varied. A real middle class has come into being, and is a bulwark of good government in this country."

The enrollment at Columbia University for 1907-1908 passed the 5000 mark. Students came from all states of the Union, with the exception of Idaho, as well as from the District of Columbia, Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands, Porto Rico, and thirty-five foreign countries. The percentage of students from the North Atlantic division continues to decrease (78,40 per cent., as against 82.05 per cent in 1905-06), gains have been made in the North Central division and in foreign countries. In 1894 only one student claimed Europe as a permanent residence, as against 39 in 1908, and only one came from Asia, as against 49 this year. The largest number of foreign students, of whom there were 173, is attracted by the schools of mines, engineering, and chemistry, followed by political science and philosophy, in the order named.

The Hon. Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, says: "That the Chinese Empire will soon constitute one of the biggest buyers in the world is universally admitted. Our imports are increasing by leaps and bounds, and the ultimate magnitude of our foreign trade can best be appreciated when I say that at present it is only $1 per capita. In a decade, when our natural resources in the shape of coal, gold and silver are developed on a large scale; when, with the completion of our trunk lines of railway, domestic trade is fully established, and when by the dissemination of modern knowledge and creation of modern wants, the standard of living is raised higher, the imports will reach figures that will surpass the prognostication of the most optimistic statistician."

The University of Wisconsin sent forth a class of 505 this year. They were of the following named nationalities: 162 are Americans; 112 Germans, 21 Norwegians, 20 English, 17 Irish, 7 Scotch, 6 Welch, 6 Swedish, 5 Bohemians, 5 Canadians, 10 French and several individuals of other nations, making a total of nineteen nations represented. The occupation of the fathers

of the seniors cover 74 trades and professions. There are 95 farmers, 32 merchants, 18 manufacturers, 17 bankers, 12 clergymen, 12 men of leisure, 12 commercial travelers, 11 railroad men, 11 brewers or liquor dealers, 10 druggists, 10 lawyers, 9 real estate dealers, 9 lumbermen, 7 newspaper men, 6 politicians, 6 contractors, 6 insurance agents, 5 teachers and the remaining follow 54 miscellaneous occupations.

The American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals offered, some time ago, a prize of $500 for a humane slaughtering device. Of the numerous inventions submitted in the competition, including several based on the guillotine principle, the Maxim noiseless rifle, and several types of pneumatic guns, none came within the exact provisions of the competition in the judgment of the board of managers. "We shall not be in a position to decide the award for some time yet," says Henry Bergh, treasurer of the society and chairman of its committee on humane slaughtering. "While none of the instruments submitted has proved satisfactory, a large consignment of new inventions is expected from Europe soon, and we propose to give them all a complete and careful trial before bringing in a final report. When I started on this humane slaughtering question, it was with the determination to discover the most humane method and device possible to accomplish the end we have in view, and I shall not cease my labors until the field of research has been exhausted. I refuse to accept the theory that, in these days of scientific progress, no better method of slaughtering is possible than that of battering an animal's head to pieces with a sledge, often inflicting great suffering from misdirected blows, or blows with insufficient power to produce insensibility. At most of the abattoirs in this country animals are received like so many logs of wood meant for kindling, the object being to see how many animals in the aggregate can be reduced to the various marketable products within the snortest space of time, and at the least expense. Some progress has been made from the very fact that general attention has been directed to the subject, and the committee hope, within a short time to determine which, if any, of the inventors is entitled to the $500."

The plan for old age pensions suggested in Great Britain by the government is having wide discussion. The Rev. C. Silvester Horne writes concerning it in the Public Questions department of the British Congregationalist: "We have first of all to make up our minds whether an old-age pension scheme is a right and wise thing in itself. We believe we can say truly that the nation has answered that question in the affirmative. According to our modern ideas a man as truly serves the interests of the commonwealth by a life of simple, lowly industry in the field or the workshop as if he were employed in what is technically called the civil service. There is no reason why a postman or a policeman or a soldier should be entitled to a state pension after a long working life, and the navvy on the railway or the laborer in the fields should not. All are engaged in working for the good of the community, and, if possible, old age should be made for all a time of relief from anxiety and the dread of that humiliation which is associated with the poorhouse. This we believe to be a proposition accepted by all but the organs of a very narrow anti-Socialist school. But, when we come to discuss the very practical questions as to the conditions that should attach to the receipt of an old-age pension, there is wide room for difference of opinion. Ideally it should be a pension which everybody might claim at a certain age who was not in some way mentally or morally disqualified. But there is a general consensus of agreement that pensions must at first be limited to those who must gravitate to the workhouse unless they are able by means of state-aid to maintain their independence. We will not now anticipate the discussion that will concern us later as to the limit of income below which a man or woman will become entitled to the five shillings a week. It is clear that no sum can be fixed that will not inflict a measure of hardship upon those whose income is slightly in excess of the government limit. We are much more disposed to quarrel with the clause which fines two pensioners half-a-crown if they live together. For this we can see no manner of reason. If a man and his wife have both attained the age of seventy each should be entitled to a full pension. In the same way if two pensioners can agree, for the sake of economy, to live together, we fail to see why they should be discouraged from doing so. We hear a good deal about the discouragement of thrift. Well, economy is a form of thrift; and it is economy for two old bodies to live together and divide the rent. As an illustration we may mention that the writer of these notes was recenly in Ireland, and turned aside to see the interior of a small Irish cabin. There were two old women existing there, both over seventy. Why should they not have their five shillings each, as they would do if they lived lonely lives in two single-roomed cabins? We hope the government will concede this point, and not feel it necessary to fine old people either for being married or for the practice of economy."

The New York Times, an independent Democratic paper, says, that Mr. Sherman the Republican candidate for vice-president has two elements of strength. "His nomination will bring to the support of the ticket all the energies of the New York Republican organization. Mr. Sherman comes from Utica, a stronghold of stalwart Republicanism. He is well known all over the State, and has managed to keep himself aloof from faction quarrels, so that his name will not be a cause of lukewarmness or defection. Then Mr. Sherman is a conservative man. Not exactly a reactionary, yet he has in the House belonged to Speaker Cannon's group, which has from time to time put itself in opposition to some of the policies of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Sherman is a rich man, identified with corporation interests, some of which his Democratic opponents during the campaign will probably describe as trusts. It is obvious that his nomination will be very much better received in New York and in the East than that of Mr. Dolliver, who was the Administration candidate. Men concerned in large business affairs will feel that in Mr. Sherman, should he be elected Vice-President, they will have a sympathetic friend, very much as such men felt during the first administration of William McKinley that Garret A. Hobart was a friend, a public servant who was informed, congenial and approachable. Now that pretty much all the malefactors of great wealth have been hammered into abandoning ways of transgression, we do not suppose the public welfare will be endangered, or the most sensitive morality shocked, by the election to the vice presidency of a man who will not be stern, cold and forbidding in his attitude toward persons who are industriously striving to lay up something against a rainy day." The Tribune, a Republican paper, says: "Mr. Sherman will aid materially in bringing support to the national ticket in that part of the State in which Republican majorities are made. He has the friendship and respect of the great mass

of voters in the upstate Republican strongholds, and there is no active Republican politician above or below the Bronx who will not exert himself to the utmost to vindicate Mr. Sherman's choice as Mr. Taft's running mate on the national ticket. Victory in New York this fall is clinched by the nominations made at Chicago." But the Sun, Democratic, remarks: "The nominee for the vice presidency, has been identified long and profitably with those elements of indecency and corruption which have brought the Republican party in this State to its present deplorable pass. It can be said, at best, that the convention made a stupid choice. I might have taken Odell! All the same Sherman will get a good large vote in his State."

CHINA'S FIGHT AGAINST OPIUM.

The Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade has sent out a budget of news indicating the efforts that are being generally made in China to carry out the anti-opium edict. At Huaianfu all the opium dens are closed, and efforts made to help all victims to break off the habit. Not more than one-half of the land used for poppy has been planted this year, as the people fear no sale of opium next year. In the Hsuchou Preferture it is reported that the falling off in opium is still greater.

At Shaohsing all the dens are closed, and public bonfires were made of two thousand pipes, an office opened to distribute anti-opium medicine, and temporary loans made to those whose employment has been sacrificed by their slavery to the drug.

The wave of reform has reached Talchow, a stronghold both of the culture and the habit. The new Chehsien of T'inhal has closed all dens in his district, and it is reported that planting of poppy will be prohibited this winter.

His Excellency, Yuan Shih-kai, has memoralized the throne that if officials, whether in Peking or in the provinces, be discovered smoking opium the same be summarily cashiered and dismissed.

Princes Jui, Cheung, and two other high officials have been displaced for continuing to use the drug. When a smoker applies for sick leave to get the cure his place is kept open for three months; failing his abandonment of the habit, his appointment is given to another.

In Peking, the regulation against illicit opium consumption is exceedingly strict. Any one found secretly smoking opium is arrested and committed to three months' imprisonment. Gendarmes are rewarded and a good conduct mark given for every conviction.

The testimony given of all venders of the drug is that since the new rules under the edict have been in force sales of opium have fallen off enormously.

A BONFIRE OF OPIUM PIPES.

The effort in China to stamp out the use of opium is being watched with great interest everywhere.

Recently the North China Herald gave account of a great immolation of opium utensils in the gardens of one Chang-su Ho, at Shanghai. The event had become known, and there were thousands of native and other sight-seers. The pipes were first dipped in a kerosene can and then stacked in two square heaps on a couple of large stones. On one table were two small trays, each containing a complete opium-smoking outfit. A written sheet of paper accompanying them stated that they were the offerings of Yue-ming, manager of the East Adriatic Dispensary, and Kua-Kueiyen, a singing girl, respectively. Both these quondam opium-smokers had sent in their apparatus to be burned, with a pledge that henceforward they would abstain from using the drug.

Several Chinamen delivered speeches on the occasion, one being Wong Chin-foo, who made a great impression:

He stated that the committee of the Commercial Bazaar, which had purchased the contents of the Nan Zun-sin Opium Palace, were determined to assist their countrymen in stamping out the opium curse. . . . The committee learned with great pleasure of the desire of the Municipal Council to endeavor to do away entirely with opium, and he felt sure that in such a commendable enterprise the foreign community would co-operate whole-heartedly with the Chinese. . . . . The Opium Palace, from which came the pipes that were to be destroyed that afternoon, was said to be the largest in China, and news of the bonfire would be noised about throughout the land. For some of the pipes that were about to be burned, $500, the speaker said, had been offered, but the committee had declined to sell them. Finally he called his audience's attention to the fine weather, which, after several days' rain, convinced him that Heaven favored their enterprise.

No sooner had the speeches concluded than the Chinese Volunteer Band struck up, and, amid a deafening din from crackers and bombs, a light was set to the stack of kerosene-soaked pipes. They burnt up fiercely, and whenever the flames threatened to die down a further supply of kerosene was thrown over them. Then glass lamp-covers, traps and other opium utensils were thrown on top of the blaze, and not until the bonfire had nearly burnt itself out did the spectators leave the spot. There can be no doubt, adds the Herald, that the ceremony fired the imagination of the Chinese, and it may have a far-reaching effect on Chinese opinion regarding opium in the Settlements.

IMPERIAL VALLEY COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

A preliminary statement concerning this educational institution has been issued.

Concerning the valley it is said:

The Imperial Valley in Southern California is a place of evident destiny. Since the curbing of the waters of the Colorado river, and their utilization for purposes of irrigation, a vast tract of rich land has been opened up for cultivation.

Into this fertile region settlers are pouring rapidly from all parts of the country. Everything tends to show that before long it will be the abode of a teeming population. The geographical isolation of this new territory virtually makes it an empire by itself.

Recognizing that one of the essential elements entering into the highest civilization is Christian education, the citizens of the Imperial Valley have at the earliest possible moment united in the demand for the establishment in their midst of a Christian school of a high grade of scholarship and with industrial features suited to local requirements. Accordingly a proposal was made to the Educational Committee of the Southern California Association of Congregational churches. It was in substance that the Heber Townsite Company would donate ten acres of ground and a percentage on all lots sold, and the Association lead in a movement to establish there an educational institution.

So rapidly has the work progressed that it is expected that the school will open in October.

Among the trustees are the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell, Superintendent Maile of the Home Misisonary So-

ciety, E. P. Clark of Los Angeles, S. H. Herrick of Riverside, the Rev. Chas. H. Seccombe of Ontaria and the Rev. R. P. Sheppherd of El Centro; also several laymen in the Imperial Valley.

We quote from the prospectus:

The school, while broadly unsectarian in spirit, will be positive in its religious tone, and will make Bible instruction one of its leading features.

The highest scholarship, and the best pedagogical methods will be observed in every department of study.

In the Academic Department first grade instruction will be supplied in the ordinary courses, such as English literature, mathematics, and the classics.

Special emphasis will be put upon: (1) Domestic economy—including physiology and hygiene. (2) Civics—including instruction in the discharge of political and civic obligations. (3) Business—including bookkeeping, commercial forms, and especially (4) Agriculture. For the carrying out of this latter department it is confidently expected that the assistance of trained government experts will be secured. It is also expected that the citizens of Heber will donate at least forty acres of land for an experimental farm.

In a word, it will be the aim of the trustees to adapt the school to local needs. A complete curriculum will be issued later, and meanwhile the officers of the school will be pleased to furnish the parents and guardians of the youth of the valley more specific details touching the general scheme of study, or any other matter pertaining to the work of the school.

IMPERIAL VALLEY.

We give from an article by A. L. Wadsworth, in the Pacific Baptist, the following concerning this far-famed valley:

History.

Seven short years ago the arid area that is now known as the Imperial Valley, far-famed for its fertility, was spoken of as the Great Colorado Desert—barren, desolate, forbidding, valueless. A stretch of 150 miles was absolutely destitute of water. Inhabitants there were none, except as the Cocopah Indians occasionally fled thither to escape their enemies, the Redmen of the mountains. The famous Santa Fe trail skirted the southern edge of the desert. Along this perilous pathway the intrepid prospectors of the early time braved the dangers of the desert, succumbing in many instances to thirst. The Southern Pacific Company constructed its main line to New Orleans across the northern edge of the desert. Now, the desert has been transformed into a veritable garden of the Lord by the magic touch of water and the handiwork of man.

Brief is the history. In 1900 the California Development Company began the construction of an irrigation system to bring the water of the Colorado river upon the desert. In 1901 colonization set in. By January 1, 1907, the population of the valley was estimated at 10,000. During 1907 the stream of settlement rose higher until, at its close, it is declared that the population had doubled and that 20,000 people were inhabitants of this Wonderland of the Southwest.

Location and Area.

Imperial Valley is located in the heart of the new county of Imperial, which was carved out of San Diego county by vote of the people on August 7, 1907. Imperial county includes the eastern half of San Diego county, is bounded on the north by Riverside county, on the east by the Colorado river and on the south by the Republic of Mexico.

Its area is 4,000 square miles. The valley proper is 40 miles long, reaching from Imperial Junction to Calexico on the Mexican border, and is from 10 to 20 miles wide.

Surface, Soil, Products.

The surface is level and is entirely below sea level, ranging from 70 feet at Imperial to two feet at Calexico. At Salton, now covered by water, the lowest level of the entire region is reached—264 feet.

The soil has as its foundation the silt which ages ago was deposited by the Colorado river. With this silt as a foundation, almost every variety of soil is found, from the hard, sun-baked adobe to the light, sandy loam.

The products are manifold—alfalfa, barley, grapes, cantaloupes, vegetables of all varieties, honey, cattle, hogs.

Some fabulous stories are told concerning the products of Imperial Valley. I was told that one sweet potato weighed 28 pounds; that one hill had sweet potatoes aggegating 80 pounds.

Eight crops of alfalfa are cut from April to November—one every month—averaging a ton and a half per acre to a cutting. Five crops of grapes are harvested each year. Hogs weighing 200 pounds are made ready for market in 18 weeks and sell for 7 1-2 cents per pound. The cantaloupe crop of Brawley alone netted the growers $250,000 in 1907.

Imperial Valley has been very pertinently termed the "hot house" of America. It does get hot there. The maximum temperature is 120 degrees Fahrenheit. But this means a sensible temperature of only 80 degrees by a wet bulb thermometer, and Easterners know that it gets hotter than that in Chicago or New York. The perspiration and evaporation of moisture keep down the bodily temperature, and no case of sunstroke has been known, although ranchers labor on in June, July, August, September—the hot months—regardless of heat. The climate is not tropical, because that implies moisture, and the average rainfall is not more than two inches.

Towns.

At present there are seven towns in the valley: Imperial, population 2,000; El Centro, 1,500; Calexico, 1,000; Brawley, 600; Holtville, 500; Heber, Silsbee. Brawley, Imperial, El Centro, Heber, Calexico are on the railroad. Imperial is the oldest town and has the largest population. El Centro is only 18 months old, has had a rapid growth, is the present seat of the county government, has a row of fine brick buildings on the main street, is a busy town with a permanent future. The county is a prohibition county.

Religious Aspect.

What of religion in the Imperial Valley?

The Disciple Church was the first in the field. They established a work in Imeprial in 1903. The present membership of the mother church is 50, with an average morning and evening attendance of 65 and a Sunday-school attendance of 60. The church has a small frame meeting-house. There are Disciple churches also in El Centro and Holtville.

The Methodists seem to have been next in the field and have done vigorous work. The church at Imperial was organized in 1905, and has a present membership of 75, with a morning congregation of 135 and an evening congregation of 100. The Sunday-school has an enrollment of 150. The Methodists have churches also at El Centro, Brawley, Holtville, Calexico and Silsbee.

The Presbyterians have churches at El Centro and Braw-

ley. A new meeting house was dedicated March 29, 1908, at Brawley.

The Congregationalists have churches at Calexico and Heber. There is talk of a Congregational college being established at Heber.

The Roman Catholics have services at three points—El Centro and Calexico and Brawley. At El Centro they have a small chapel.

The Baptists were last in the field. Some prospecting had been done for a year or two under the State Board, but nothing definite was established till Rev. and Mrs. Thomas N. Lord went to Imperial last fall. The First Baptist Church of Imperial was organized February 2, 1908, with 28 cnarter members. This number has been increased to 35. The church has no meeting house, but worships in Masonic Hall on Sunday mornings.

A METHODIST PROTESTANT VIEW OF METHODIST CHURCH UNION.

We quote the following very sensible words by the editor of the Methodist Protestant of Baltimore in an article concerning the overtures for union made by the Methodist Episcopal Church:

"There are a few facts which we may calmly consider. It is said that certain modifications in polity, made by both denominations to meet the needs and conditions confronting them, have brought us closer together, and that the essential differences which divided us are no longer matters of controversy—and all that is certainly true.

"But the fundamental differences are the same as when the Methodist Protestant Church was first organized. The differences are so radical that they cannot be removed by modification of polity on the one side or the other. The one form of church life is the hierarchy which is a body of officials disposed organically in ranks and orders, each subordinate to the one above it, while the other is a democracy deriving all its power from the people thmeselves. The one begins with the bishops as the chief pastors, and who are invested with large and definite authority. The other begins with the laymen, whose vote and will determine the entire policy of the denomination. That difference has not been modified. The fact that the Methodist Episcopal Church has granted laymen in equal numbers with the ministers, the rights of membership in the law-making body of the church is a concession for which our fathers contended, and with which in 1828 they would have been satisfied. But when they organized another Methodism, it was modeled after the civil government under which they lived, and it became in the fullest sense an ecclesiastical democracy.

"This is the actual difference. But it is a fact that this difference is no longer a matter of controversy. The world has lost interest in the controversies of denominations. Sometimes we hear of symposiums in which ministers tell 'Why I am a Methodist;' 'Why I am a Presbyterian;' 'Why I am an Episcopalian,' etc.; yet it excites no special interest. Not many care. It is probably true that there are more people in other churches who were once Methodist Protestants, or the children of Methodist Protestants, than now constitute the entire membership of our church. They could change from one to another without much concern over differences of polity. Our people now go to other communities and join other churches in preference to ours for business, social or political reasons, while the principles that differen tiate us from them are not considered of sufficient importance to hold them to their own. No church has taken a bolder stand or made a braver fight for the layman's rights, and yet a very large number of our lay people do not appreciate it. We may explain the differences clearly and plead for them eloquently, but it does not excite much interest."

"It is also true that our extreme liberty has in many places worked to our disadvantage. A shrewd layman, inflamed by pride and selfishness, has been able in many cases to dictate the policy of the local church to its ruin, and there was no power to check him in his lawless career.

"A delinquent minister can come to the conferences without having made an effort to collect the assessments made by the conference, without the remotest danger of having his official character challenged. We have learned that we need more government, a stronger administration of law. There is, therefore, something in both denominations that is needed in each. What both want, and what both should seek above all else, is the most perfect denominational machinery to work out the will of God in the salvation of men."

THE INDOMITABLE SPIRIT OF ADMIRAL TOGO.

Rather Than Obey the Emperor Against His Judgment, He Prepared to Die.

William E. Curtis, the noted traveler and correspondent, tells the story in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A friend of mine, who has spent a good part of his life in Japan, told me a strange story the other day of the late war which illustrates the indomitable spirit of Admiral Togo. The incident has never been published, and is known to very few persons, but he learned it from a very high authority.

It seems that there was a decided difference of opinion among the military and naval authorities at Tokio as to the intentions of Admiral Rojestvensky, who came out from Constadt with the great fleet of Russian ships. Most of them believed that he had instructions to attack the southern coast of Japan and divert attention from the struggle in Manchuria and the siege of Port Arthur. They were convinced that he would attack Kobe and Yokohama and other ports and try to reach Tokio. If he failed there they expected him to sail up the eastern coast and atack Hakodate. At any rate, they were absolutely certain that he would not run the risk of almost certain destruction by entering the China Sea or try to pass through the straits between Japan ad Korea, where Togo lay in concealment waiting to pounce upon him.

This conviction was so positive that the council of war at Tokio, which was composed of cabinet ministers, veteran generals and admirals and that notable group known as "the elder statesmen," ordered Togo to come out of his lair and patrol the southern coast so as to be near by when the attack came. Togo remonstrated. He was convinced that Rojestvensky had come from the west to vindicate the Russian navy and not to invade a fortified coast. His arguments were earnest, but they had no weight with the Tokio authorities, and he was again ordered to come down to defend the coast. To their amazement he refused to obey and they finally appealed to the emperor, who, at their solicitation, repeated the order.

It is tradition in Japan that no man ever disobeyed an order of the emperor, who is descended from the gods, who is himself divine, and the highest object of reverence. Hence, when Togo received instructions from his majesty to abandon the strategic anchorage he had chosen and cruise down along the southern coast to await the mysterious fleet of the enemy, he called his captains together and laid the facts before them. He told them that the information he had received from his scouts and spies as well as his own judgment convinced him that the Russian fleet was intend-

ing to attack him in the Straits of Korea, and he had decided to await it there, notwithstanding the orders of the Mikado. He fully appreciated the significance and realized the penalty of such unheard of disobedience, but he believed that his majesty had acted upon mistaken information, and he was willing to accept the responsibility of disobeying his orders, because the honor of Japan was at stake. He did not ask any of his captains to share the awful responsibility with him. Those who declined to do so would be relieved of their commands by men who were willing to make the sacrifice. To those who would stay by him in defiance of the emperor he would be accordingly grateful. He gave them twenty-four hours to think the matter over and consult among themselves.

The captains were so overcome with amazement at the audacity and the enormity of the offense proposed by their commander that they made no reply. Many of them left the flagship suspecting that he had lost his reason. Even to suggest or to think of doubting the wisdom or of disobeying the sacred voice of the emperor was the highest treason, and here was Togo deliberately determined to defy it. As may be imagined nothing else was discussed or even entered the thoughts of the captains that day, but they were careful that the cause of their anxiety should not become known to their subordinates. They had no conference, for none was necessary. The mind of every man was made up from the moment that Togo mentioned his purpose. Not one of them hesitated for an instant as to the course he should pursue, and when they met in the admiral's cabin on the flagship the next morning there was no controversy, no explanations, no difference of opinion.

As Togo called them one after another he found himself unsupported, and when he asked their opinion they told him that they did not believe he could find a single officer upon any of his ships who would stand with him against the orders of the emperor. They laid their swords upon his table and resigned their commands.

With tears rolling down his weather-beaten cheeks, Togo asked them to reconsider their decision. He argued with them for an hour, giving the reasons why he believed the Russian fleet was coming up the Straits of Korea and every captain heartily indorsed his judgment, but the emperor had spoken, and they must obey him, right or wrong. There was no alternative. Togo asked them what they would do in his place, if the responsibility was upon them. They answered with one voice:

"Obey the emperor."

He dismissed them sadly, again affirming his determination to meet and fight the Russians in the straits even if he had to meet them alone, and asked them to return for a final conference the following morning.

They met again, as before, even more determined than at the previous councils, and, finding himself without a single supporter or sympathizer, Togo announced his intention to solve his dilemma by taking his own life. His judgment as a sailor, his conscience as a patriot, would not permit him to abandon the spot which he had chosen for an attack upon the Russians, and his reverence for his sovereign would not permit him to disobey his majesty's orders, although he was confident they were wrong. Therefore he would relieve the situation by suicide, and the next in command must assume the responsibility of carrying out the emperor's orders.

The admiral's farewell to his comrades was interrupted by an orderly, who brought the news that Rojestvensky's ships had been sighted, and in a short hour every captain was at his post and the line of battle had been formed. The result is well known.

After the war was over and the admiral had returned to Tokio to receive the honors he had so richly earned, he asked a private audience of his sovereign and frankly related the story of his disloyalty. None but the two men know what was said at that interview, but it was satisfactory to both.

TIMMIE'S PLEDGE.

Sarah A. McClees.

Among the numerous benevolent institutions which exhibit the large-heartedness of the people of New York City, none has done a nobler work than the "Home for the Friendless." In addition to the central building that gives shelter to hundreds of destitute children, the society seeks also to provide care and instruction for such outcasts as are not included within the public schools.

Thousands of these waifs are to be found on the outskirts of the great metropolis, living mostly on the streets, sleeping, like rats, under piled-up beams, in barrels or wagons, along wharves, anywnere and everywhere, children of drunkards—worse than orphaned—the saloons being responsible for their lack of fathers and mothers. In the midst of this miserable population of beggars and crime-breeders; within some old mansion, perchance the former residence of a colonial dignitary, may be seen three or four hundred ragged, forlorn specimens of humanity, gathered in from the gutters and slums to be taught by the sweet young women, whose lives are consecrated to good deeds, under the auspices of this grand society. Among this most degraded class of the poor our white-ribboned sisters were welcomed in the very earliest years of their effort to save the community from the drink curse.

No conservatives here, with their pessimistic suggestions that the little folks were too young or untaught to understand what it meant to sign a total abstinence pledge, or to prophesy the fearful consequences of failure to keep it! The presentation of the subject, in those days in Sunday-schools frequently met the strongest objectors in the teachers, who dared not take the responsibility of making so solemn a promise, but relegated the matter to those scholars old enough to judge for themselves, the result being that they also declined to do it, when their teachers had not moral courage to set the example. But what a strong contrast was shown in assemblies of the "gutter children," in the eagerness with which they rushed forward to give their names!

Taught by bitter experiences of hardship and privation, perhaps by cruel blows, and bitter curses, often taking refuge under the bed, or in dark corners, in their desire to hide from unnatural parents in their fits of drunkenness—surely these poor sufferers were none too young to understand the meaning of taking a pledge!

One Saturday afternoon I had been kept busy signing my name as witness on the bright picture cards which each pledger received, when the Principal of the school came to me and said: "We have a little boy who would like to put his name down, but says he must first speak to you." "Well," I said, "send him up to the platform."

I shall never forget the appearance of the little lad who, with a dejected countenance, walked slowly up the long aisle. He looked to be about three years old, but he said he was five. His clothing was in keeping with his comrades', all tattered and torn, but the large head on his small shoulders and his thoughtful, grave face, indicated intelligence and maturity wrought by sorrow. Oh, what rapid mental development often shows itself in the stunt-

ed bodies of little ones, brought up in the homes of vice and drunkenness!

Poor wee Timmie, shrunken and deformed, of sad countenance and acute conscientiousness, won my sympathy and motherly affection as we talked together. "Well, my little man," I said, "what is your name?" "Timmie," he replied. "What is the matter? Do you want to sign the temperance pledge?" In a low voice, his pretty, curly head hanging down, he said in a whispered tone, "I can't; I have to buy mamma's lager." "But," said I, "Timmie, do you drink the lager?" Then his small body straightened up, his face assumed almost an indignant expression, while his voice changed to a strong accent, as he repelled the insinuation: **"No, oh no, I do not drink it."** "Then," I said, "you are a temperance boy. I will write your name on one of these cards." The little hero grew into the dignity of a man in that moment, as he walked back to his seat, unconscious of the gaze of all eyes in the school-room.

Think you he was too young to understand the signficance of his act? I could fancy the moral courage that sustained this frail creature upon his return to the wretched place where his besotted mother held an iron rod over Timmie; how the old home, with its miserable environments, was seen in a new light, transfigured by the strong spirit winged with freedom to break the fetters of circumstances and soar above all earth-bound conditions.

Even a child may be known by his doings.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE JAPAN MISSION.

By Dr. J. D. Davis.

The meeting was held in Arima, a mountain village fifteen miles from Kobe, commencing May 28th and closing June 2nd. We were favored with perfect weather, and the fresh-leaved beauty of the valleys and gorges around the village made a charming setting for a most profitable series of meetings. Our numbers were smaller than usual for several have recently left us on furlough and others were too weary and near the breaking point to be able to attend the meeting. Secretary and Mrs. Hicks were a delightful addition to our number, giving us the benefit of their nine months' observation of the outlook and conditions in Turkey, India and China.

The meeting was a most harmonious one. The several stations reorted progress and open doors for work everywhere. When Pastors Ebina and Hori visited the city of Niigata last December the superintendent of schools ordered the schools closed and that the students attend one meeting in a body. The governor also ordered the officials to attend, and over one thousand young men gathered to hear these brethren speak.

There have been large accessions to the churches in many places, as the result of **"Shuchu Dendo"** (concentrated evangelistic work), four or five, and in one case ten prominent pastors and workers uniting in a series of meetings several days in succession. As a result of such meetings ninety-eight persons were received into one church in Kyoto, and sixty-eight into another. In the Okayama field sixty were received into one church and eighty into another, while in Ayabe, fifty miles northwest of Kyoto, eighty-six were baptised the second Sabbath in January last, and the new members completely filled the body of the little church, so that the old members had to sit in the small gallery, or look in at the windows. The Doshisha school has over 800 students, and there were seventy-six baptised during the year.

Kobe College has 210 students. Forty-one were graduated from this school last March, and eighteen were baptized during the year. President Harada was present and spoke most earnestly and enthusiastically of his hopes and plans for the Doshisha, and also of the utter inadequateness of the government higher schools to meet the needs of those who apply. Only 150 could be admitted into the seven higher middle schools last fall, and over 2,000 applied. In some of the middle schools over 1,000 apply and only 130 or 140 can be admitted. He also spoke of the fund the alumni of the Doshisha are pledging for three years to tide the school over until a larger endowment fund can be secured. Their aim is to raise 15,000 yen a year for three years. Ten thousand nine hundred yen are already pledged.

He outlined the present needs of the school, as follows: Two foreign and two or three more Japanese professors for the Theological Department; two more foreign professors for the College Department, and one more for the Academy. He also spoke of the need of $1,000,000 additional endowment for the school, to be raised by the joint efforts of its foreign and Japanese friends. He also emphasized the great need Japan has of educated men of strong moral character such as the Doshisha is fitted to train.

There was, however, one sad feature of this meeting. It came out in the report of nearly every one of the twelve stations of the mission. In the midst of unprecedented openings for work on every hand and a readiness to hear the gospel, not only is there no money to open work in new places, but many of the stations have had to dismiss one or more of the Japanese workers, and in some of them there is no money for the missionary to do any touring. We have passed one-half of the work which was under the care of the mission over to the Kumi-ai Home Missionary Society, but the money granted for evangelistic work has been so reduced, and the cost of living has so increased, making such an increase in the salaries of Japanese workers necessary, that we are crippled as stated above. Thirty-two years after we have entered Kyoto the larger part of th field about us is untouched. The great rich Yodo river valley, in the south part of this province, is not being touched or worked at all, save in Fushimi, a suburb of Kyoto. The region west of Kyoto, extending to the Japan Sea, ninety miles distant, has in it only three Kumi-ai and one or two Episcopal workers. There is not a missionary in it. On the east is the Shiga province, embracing the rich Lake Biwa basin, with a population of 800,000, and more than twelve hundred towns and villages. There is no foreign missionary in the province and only seven or eight Japanese workers all told. The great mass of the population is as untouched and unreached as it was thirty years ago.

How many more generations of these millions about Kyoto must pass away without hearing the gospel? One generation has already gone since we entered the city. We have passed all our work outside the city save that in Minakuchi, over to the Kumi-ai Home Missionary Society. Are we to have no funds to open work in new places among these waiting millions, and so raise up more self-supporting churches? Must the mission cease active evangelistic work while there are thirty or forty millions in Japan who have never heard the gospel, and when they are ready to hear than ever before in the history of the mission? The great province about Niigata, with its two million souls appeals more strongly still. Save in the extreme southern end of the province there is no missionary now in the province,

but Mr. Cobb. Mr. Curtis has broken down under the strain and has gone home to rest. There are seven or eight Japanese workers all told. Missionaries entered the province thirty years ago, but the great mass of the people have never heard anything of Christ. We are proposing to Mr. Pedley to locate there, but to do that we remove the only man we have in Maebashi station and the great Joshu province. We have not men enough to man our stations, to say nothing of opening new ones. These are some of the burning questions which pressed upon our hearts and minds at this annual meeting.

Kyoto, June, 1908.

THE HOME MISSIONS COUNCIL.

A step of very unusual significance has recently been taken by the Home Mission Boards of the various denominations of our country. Feeling the need of closer conference and co-operation, last fall a few representatives of these Boards met, and having adopted a tentative plan of action, invited the co-operation of other Boards in the formation of a "Home Mission Council." The responses were very gratifying, and before the winter was past the Home Mission Boards of the following denominations had formally signified their desire for membership in this organization: Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant, Presbyterian North, Presbyterian South, Reformed, United Presbyterian.

Others have signified their intention of joining in the movement, and it is expected that with the beginning of another fall practically the entire organized Home Mission forces of evangelical churches will be united in this new bond. The organization is designed to include not merely Home Mission Boards, technically so called, but all denominational organizations engaged in doing any type of home mission work.

One of the first things decided upon by the council was the calling of a conference to consider the interests of religious work among our immigrant populations. This was held February 20. In an all-day and evening session four chief things were discussed: the education of workers, the enlistment of English-speaking churches for the care of foreigners at their doors, co-operation among the denominations in this branch of endeavor, and the nature and needs of the missionary work at Ellis Island. The conference was attended by about one hundred persons, ranging in residence from Boston to Chicago.

The executive committee have recently decided upon a plan of joint presentation of the home mission cause in the leading cities of the country at some time during the coming winter. It is proposed to hold a series of conventions, each running over the better part of two days, in which the saving of our nation shall be presented in the most inclusive and comprehensive way possible, and without any reference to denominational lines or requirements, except that on the final evening of the convention denominational meetings will be held. It is believed that there will be a prompt and enthusiastic response from the people to such mode of presentation. The secretaries and boards of the various home mission organizations are profoundly convinced that the time has come when a closer co-operation, both in the presentation of the work and in its prosecution is not only desirable, but in a larger degree than ever before feasible. They are hoping and expecting that along these lines of closer fellowship it will be possible not only to do their work more economically, but to attain a degree of effectiveness and an enlistment of means and of workers commensurate with the overshadowing importance of the ends sought.

The movement is in close sympathy with that for the federation of the churches which has made such gratifying progress the last few years. It is hoped that at the next national convention of the Federation, which is to be held in Philadelphia in December next, the Home Mission Boards may be able to join their influence in securing fresh awakening of the mind and conscience of the Christian community to the unity of all the interests which center in the Church of Jesus Christ.

CHARLES L. THOMPSON, President.
J. BROWNLEE VOORHEES, Secretary.

The following poem, thought out by Dr. James H. McLaren, while standing on the "Brig o' Doon," was written for the occasion and read, among other selections, at the "Scotch Evening" at the Glenwood Inn, Riverside, Cal.:

As on the "Brig o' Doon" I stood
  Among those scenes forever dear,
That sweetest soul of sweetest song
  Seemed to hovor strangely near.
Still sang the "ilka-bird"—sweet voice,
  That made the poet's fond heart burn,
Reminding of "departed joys,
  Departed never to return."

From memory it cannot fade,
  That blessed day in rarest June,
Where silent 'mid the gathering shade
  I stood upon that "Brig o' Doon."
And as the billows broken roll
  In sounding shell from distant shore,
The sorrow of that ocean soul
  Found answer in my bosom's core.

And rambling down the hallow'd stream,
  Where still the rose and woodbine twine,
A memory like some sweet dream
  Possess'd that open soul of mine—
A feeling strange and deeper far
  Than aught I'd ever known of yore,
That on some other world or star,
  I'd liv'd and thought and lov'd before.

And there, in mood of highest praise,
  Amid those scenes "so fresh and fair,"
All glory crown'd in evening rays,
  My spirit breath'd its grateful prayer.
A prayer to Him whose love enshrines
  His life in kindred spirits sweet,
And with eternal goodness binds
  Our human world about His feet.

THE CHURCH-PAPER HABIT.

An examination of the subscription list of any church paper would reveal the fact that certain family names occur with great persistency. No matter what the financial condition of the family or the wide area covered by the spreading family tree, the paper is read and paid for by pretty nearly all the members of the family. The same is true of certain sections of congregations. Sometimes it is

the men who have been in the church council, and have been spurred up to want to know more about Zion, and havve commenced to read the paper, nor given it over when they retired from office. Membership in the Young People's or Woman's Society often acts as a stimulus to the formation of the church-paper habit. However formed, it is a good hapit to cultivate in families and congregations. The readers of the church paper are the solid nucleus of the church. Under all winds and weathers they are the people to be relied upon to stand by the ship. They create the sentiment that makes progress possible. Ignorance is not bliss, and it is not folly to be wise in churchly matters. The test of this church-habit comes in hard times. The church member who has become accustomed to look for a message from the church-at-large with the regularity of Wednesday or Friday, will sacrifice many other things before doing without his church paper.—Ex.

THE PARABLE OF THE WHEELBARROW.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for July 12th: "Character and Courtesy.")

Albert W. Palmer.

Dr. Arthur Smith, in his sparkling and fascinating book, "Chinese Characteristics," (if you haven't read it, take it on your vacation and insure a good time), tells us that from motives of economy the Chinese omit to oil their wheelbarrows. Hear ye, therefore, the parable of the wheelbarrow!

Character and courtesy are related to each other somewhat as wheelbarrows and oil. The oil alone isn't good for much—you cannot carry your produce to market or your wife to town (if you happen to be a Chinaman) on a teaspoonful of oil. In like manner the wheelbarrow, which we call character, is more important than the oil of courtesy. Courtesy without character won't accomplish much in the world. Men have so often tried to do the work of a wheelbarrow with only a teaspoonful of oil that people are sometimes suspicious of any oil at all. There is so much false courtesy and sham politeness that, from the contentions of highly organized society, men turn, as for a breath of salt sea air, to the mining camp or the frontier community, here it is inherent character rather than the half-insincere niceties of conduct that count. The oil of courtesy is all right, but it is a mighty poor substitute for the wheelbarrow of character. Better a wheelbarrow that squeaks all day long like a street car going round a curve than no wheelbarrow at all!

But, true and fundamental as all this is, how much better to combine wheelbarrow and oil, character and courtesy. In the first place the wheelbarrow that is kept well oiled will last longer and work easier. And so a character which has in it the oil of courtesy will be spared many of the jolts and jars, the unpleasant and bitter experiences that come to one, however strong in character, who has not learned to be polite and patient as well as honest and upright. A man with the most stirling integrity in the world will find his character less subject to the strain of impatience and indignation if he remembers to practice the little courtesies of life toward the telephone girl, the salesman, the newsboy, the book agent and the vegetable pedler!

And, in the second place, the man who oils his wheelbarrow is a public benefactor. He helps relieve nerve strain and prevent nervous prostration. He not only gets more and better work out of his wheelbarrow by oiling it, he helps the men and women along the street. After seeing his well-oiled wheelbarrow they are more apt to feel inspired to buy wheelbarrows of their own. Perhaps, after all, a wheelbarrow that did not squeak would be worth having!

When I worked in a large furniture store in Los Angeles we had a customer who was a staunch and stalwart pillar of the church, an upright and honest man. But he was so penurious and sarcastic that every clerk and workman in the store hated him. They had no use for his brand of wheelbarrows, when, as a matter of fact, his wheelbarrow of Christian character was sound and good—it only needed the oil of courtesy. Therefore, let us all take to heart the parable of the wheelbarrow. By all means have a wheelbabrrow, but don't let it squeak—oil it!

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Santa Cruz.—The new Congregational chapel, in the northeast part of the city was the scene of a happy occasion last Friday evening, when the members of the Ladies' Aid Society gave a dinner in honor of those who during the building of the structure lent their aid, and thus made it possible to erect the chapel. The Rev. J. B. Orr spoke on "The Relation of the Main Church to the Branch School," and Ernest Ott on "Expansion." The school has had a gift of 25 chairs, a table, a sewing machine and a gasoline stove. The enrollment is up to 100.

McCloud.—Rev. Edmund Owens, the new pastor, and his wife are doing good work in this lumber town of 1,800 inhabitants. The annual meeting last week showed all departments of the church in good condition. Three new members have been received lately. The Junior and Senior choirs and the Ladies' Aid are especially active and efficient. The different boards of the denomination will be remembered this year, and all business conducted in a businesslike manner. . Rev. E. L. Walz of the Green Street Church, San Francisco, has spent his vacation here, and goes back to the city greatly refreshed.

Oakland, Fourth.—After another year of faithful and fruitful service, Rev. F. H. Maar, with his family, will enjoy the month of July at Ben Lomond. During the past twelve months all the departments of the church have been alert for active service. The Men's League, holding regular meetings addressed by interesting speakers, has been effective in inspiring men to higher duty and usefulness. The Ladies' Aid Society has been able to meet all obligations promptly and is the right arm of the church. The girls' club, "Alathia," the Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor societies, have responded to their call for service. Seven were received into membership on last Sunday morning—three on confession fo faith and four by letter. During the absence of the pastor the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Mr. Banham of Martinez.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Rev. H. M. Tenney, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board, preached last Sunday morning and evening giving an eloquent, forceful and convincing presentation of the work and needs of the A. B. C. F. M. A special collection for that department will be received next Sunday. In membership this church stands twenty-sixth in the list of Congregational churches of Northern California. In its offerings for the work of the Home Missionary Society last year it had fourth place. The pas-

tor, Rev. J. H. Goodell, is preaching a series of summer Sunday evening sermons on the topic, "What Does Jesus Say?" which are proving of much interest and helpfulness. The Mayflower people feel that they have been especially favored in having Miss Russell of Saratoga with them for a number of Sabbaths. Her sweet solos have brought comfort and spiritual uplift to thankful hearts.

WASHINGTON.

Tacoma, Alki.—The new building is completed and will soon be dedicated.

Tacoma, East.—Under Rev. S. S. Healey, who recently came here from Pullman, the East Church is taking on new life and interest.

Everett.—Children's Day was observed with appropriate ceremonies, Rev. J. E. Smith baptizing eight children. The offering for the C. S. S. & P. S. amounted to $31.67.

Tacoma, First.—The last services in the old building were held June 21st. The new building will be occupied at once, but the dedication will not take place till fall, probably September.

Tacoma, Plymouth.—The concrete walls of the basement are up and work is to proceed on the main building at once. Under the able leadership of Rev. H. B. Hendley this church is making rapid progress.

Tacoma, North End.—Rev. F. D. Bentley, now at Sylvan, will take charge of the work here which is now under the care of the Tacoma Church Extension Society. The work is progressing well with Mr. Cutler as Sunday-school superintendent, and it is expected that a church will be organized here in September.

Seattle, Ministers' Meeting.—The last gathering of the ministers before the summer vacation was held at Wildwood Park, on the eastern shore of Lake Washington. The Executive Committee of the Home Missionary Society met with us, and the officers for the next six months were elected by the Ministers' Meeting, as follows: Moderator, Rev. Sidney Strong D. D.; assistant moderator, Rev. E. Tremayne Dunston, D. D.; secretary, Rev. R. S. Osgood. The ladies of the Bellevue Church acted as hostesses and provided abundantly of the strawberries for which this district is so famous, coffee and cream. The tables were spread in the pavilion, and good cheer and fellowship were the order of the day. During the afternoon the ministers divided into two ball teams and played ball that was absolutely free from all professionalism. The score was 37-22. It was Dr. Dunston's initiation to American baseball. After the game he expressed his appreciation of it and innocently remarked to one of the players that he would like to see a good game!

OREGON.

Portland.—The following officers have been elected for the Oregon Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific: President, Mrs. Walter Hoge; vice-president, Mrs. Luther R. Dyott; treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Cake; foreign secretary, Mrs. B. D. Sigler; secretary of Young People's Work, Mrs. W. D. Palmer; assistant secretary, Miss Bessie Luckey; secretary of literature, Mrs. G. M. Parker; auditor, Mrs. D. D. Clarke.

Portland.—At a recent meeting the Oregon Woman's Home Missionary Union elected officers as follows: Honorary president, Mrs. F. M. Warren, Portland; past president, Mrs. F. Eggert, Portland; president, Mrs. E. W. Luckey, Portland; general vice-president, Mrs. Luther R. Dyott, Portland; vice-president, Mrs. H. N. Smith, Courtney Station; recording secretary, Mrs. E. A. Sessions, 1005 Kelly, Portland; corresponding secretary, Miss Mercy S. Clarke, 395 Fourth, Portland; secretary of literature, Mrs. M. E. Tobey, 880 East Main, Portland; secretary of Young People's work, Mrs. W. D. Palmer, 574 Nehalem, Portland; assistant secretary of Young People's Work, Miss Louise Bruse; treasurer, Mrs. C. A. Mann, 455 Going, Portland; auditor, Mrs. A. L. Cake, 414 Eleventh, Portland; general vice-president, Mrs. C. F. Clapp, Forest Grove.

A NEW BOOK BY DR. CAMPBELL OF SIERRA MADRE.

A new book by Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., entitled "Paul the Mystic—a Study in Apostolic Experience," which was published recently in London, has just been republished in this country by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. It is included in the Crown Theological library. In introducing it to the American public the publishers say: "A revival of interest in mysticism, expressing itself curiously in esoteric cults here and there, is one of the phenomena of the closing years of the last and the opening years of the present century. The reawakening mystical mood has found notable expression in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Ireland and in England. The volume here in question will, perhaps, be specially welcome now, in tune as it is with a tendency of the hour. St. Paul is generally thought of as the logician, and as a system builder to whose labors—it needs not Matthew Arnold to tell us—Protestantism is deeply in debt. But Paul was more than a logician—"First of all a poet," says Dr. Campbell, "who writes with the exuberant imagination of a true Oriental, often sublimely indifferent to logical sequence, and displaying a subtlety of thought incomprehensible to the mere textual critic."

The book has been favorably received in England. The Dundee Courier has this to say of its author: "He has examined so carefully and analytically, and sympathetically the inner mystical elements of St. Paul's doctrines and character, that we feel sure Dr. Campbell's masterly exhibition will be the chief authority on the subject for some years to come." To this we would add the following from The Expository Times: "Only the mystic can write on mysticism. And since theologians have been much more cold to mysticism than philosophers have been, the mysticism of the Apostle Paul has never come to its own yet. At last a considerable book, entitled 'Paul the Mystic,' has been published. Its author is the Rev. James M. Campbell, D. D., the author of 'The Indwelling Christ.' It is a clear, sensible book, mystical, undoubtedly, but not mystifying in the very least. It is the book of a Christian. Dr. Campbell has been alive in every age to the danger of letting pantheism in, and he has successfully kept it out; his experience in the writing of 'The Indwelling Christ' greatly helped him. We welcome the book for its wholesomeness."

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited.
He said: "Where do you troubles fly,
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected,
Who weakly say good-bye to hope;
We go where we're expected."

THE HOME

A WORKINGMAN'S STORY.

His life was tuned to the keynote of love. His was the great unworldliness. If I should mention his name, members of the ——— conference would recall the man's sweet spirit and his rare unselfishness. So little did he consider money and money's power, save where it might be used for good, that the thought of his childlike simplicity with reference to the mighty dollar strikes a humorous chord in one's memory.

There was a day, however, on which it became necessary for him to spend a sum rather unusual for a man of his modest wants. He had an account at one of the leading banks of the town, and went down quite early to draw the amount.

An hour or so later he returned, and his wife asked about the money. A look of consternation swept over his face. "Why—why, really, I don't know where it is!" and he began to search his pockets industriously.

"O Mr. H———, that is so much like you!" The wife smiled, though her prudent soul felt real distress.

For once the unworldly man grieved over the loss of money. When he thought of the good that might have been accomplished by the sum rightly spent, he blamed himself for inexcusable carelessness. "I can't imagine what became of it unless I dropped it just outside the bank door. As I stepped onto the sidewalk John Gray met me. and I stopped to shake hands and have a few minutes' talk with him. I can't remember putting the money in my pocket at all."

"Did you have it loose in your hand?"

"Yes; all in one bill."

"Well, I don't suppose you'll ever hear from it."

"Anyway, I shall advertise in the daily and offer a reward."

The advertisement was inserted in next morning's paper. What came of it we shall now hear.

A young man with a dinner pail on his arm passed along the sidewalk in front of the bank a few minutes after the minister and Mr. Gray separated. He paused suddenly, looked around with a startled expression, then stooped to pick up something from the pavement—a something which he hurriedly slipped into his pocket. Not till he had left Main Street and was passing through a more retired part of the town did he take out the bill and examine it. His heart throbbed tumultuously, then calmed itself with a great calm. This was the answer to the agonies of doubt through which he had passed! He was doing no wrong in thus keeping the money. God so meant it. Above his undercurrent of anxiety begun to rise and swell the triumphant thought that God—even God—had taken note of him and his low estate.

As he trudged on to his work in the factory, and later while he moved steadily, faithfully at his accustomed task, he lived over again the last weeks of care and strain. It was only five short weeks ago that his wife had gone down into the shadow of death. The babe had lived a few hours; then the little life had flickered out, while daily the mother's was despaired of. Perhaps nothing but love for her husband and the two little ones gave her the wonderful tenacity that puzzled the doctors. At first they had declared she must die, and had tried to prepare him for the inevitable. Now they were saying that she might live on, but would be an invalid for life.

In the meantime the day was fast drawing near on which he had hoped to make the last payment due on his modest home. Rents were so nigh that he had decided early in his married life to buy, and thus far had been able to meet every payment. But the expenses of his wife's protracted illness and his baby's death had swallowed up the fund he had saved for the final settlement. He might be given more time, but the future looked dark. Some one must be hired to care for his wife and children, the latter being hardly more than babies. After paying this additional expense and calculating for the comforts that Annie would be compelled to have, he had thought and thought, and had seen no way out. Only the strength of his right arm to count on against all these difficulties! But now—ah, now, how clear it seemed! Did God mean to answer prayers that had not been uttered? He had never been a religious man, and in all his brooding had not consciously gone to that mighty Power.

The bill he had found would exactly close up the trade for his home. Surely, surely God was back of it all. The very thought of such a loving Father stirred the music of his soul.

After the day's work was done, he hurried home, sped on the wings of hope, to show the money to Annie and tell her of his newborn faith in God. That gentle soul rejoiced and kissed her husband with all the yearning tenderness that a good woman feels who sees the struggles of her loved ones against a rough world the while she is forced to sit with folded hands, helpless in her frailty.

Far into the night they talked the simple talk of sincere and trustful souls. When the morning came, it found the man braced for his work with a new and wonderful energy. Only one more day, and his last debt would be paid. His step rang cheerily on the pavement as he went to his work. His head was more erect. He felt himself a man, every inch—a man who had the courage to stand between the world and those helpless ones in his care.

During the early part of the morning he went to the office on a matter of business connected with the work. Just at the moment of his entrance the manager of the factory was engaged; but he spoke pleasantly to him, asking him to be seated, as he would be ready in a short while to see him.

Young Evans picked up a paper lying on the table near him. He had barely glanced at it when he laid the sheet down with a trembling hand. During the few minutes of talk between him and the manager, the latter commented on Evan's paleness. "I hear you've been having it hard lately, Will. I'm very sorry. If there is anything I can do for you, let me know."

The young man felt a sudden impulse to tell him the trouble and ask his help. A moment, and he had allowed the impulse to pass. With a word of thanks he left the office.

Under the sunlight he turned his face skyward and cried out in the bitterness of his heart. It was all false then, this fine belief that had possessed him about a loving Father and his care. The paper he had picked up in the office struck his attention glaringly with an advertisement of the lost bill and an offer of reward to the finder.

Through the long day and night that followed, who shall say what fierce battles waged in the man's soul? He did

not tell his wife of the advertisement, nor did he discuss the morrow with her. He had planned to go for his settlement in the late afternoon, as his morning hours were too early for the usual business man.

Tossed this way and that in his spiritual warfare. Evans spent an almost sleepless night, and rose early with an unwonted feeling of age and fatigue weighing him down. It was as if these hours had stripped him of youth and hope, of all that made life worth living. After his frugal breakfast he came to his wife's bedside, as was his wont. She had fallen asleep again. he stood for an instant looking down on that wan face. He had not told her all that was in his heart, and yet he felt sure he could quiet her conscience if he should decide to keep the money. Could he? She always deferred to him in every possible way. But he was aware that she had a deep inner existence from which he seemed to be shut out. As for practical notions of honor, of honesty, he had supposed his brain would be clearer there than his wife's. In the business world he had found as much honor among men who were not Christians as among the religious.

He thought of these things as he stood looking down on Annie's white face. Then somehow, by some divine impulse, his heart was stirred by the fancy that she would be with him in his struggle, even if he kept his secret—not with him as a judge to condemn him for wrongdoing, but as a loving friend who pleads with him and for him. "Can I look into her trusting eyes and feel that I have done this thing, even for her sake? Can I bear it?"

He hurried abruptly out and turned his steps—whither? At first he had no aim; but as he went on and marked the street crossings, again the fight raged within him. Should he take this street and, following it two or three blocks, fall into Church Street, and thus reach the minister's home? Drawn by some inward compulsion he followed this route, and soon stood in front of the parsonage.

Not yet was his mind fully made up. He hesitated on the porch, he wavered as he held out his hand to ring the door bell. He doubted as he waited for an answer to his summons. Nor did he feel that he was an honest man until he looked into the benignant face of the gentleman who opened the door.

When he learned that the man standing before him was the one who had lost the money, he felt strong to do the right. In a few moments they were in the minister's private study; and the young man was telling, brokenly but with all his heart, the history of the lost bill. A few words here, a pause, and again a few words—then to the great-souled man listening the matter was open. He saw the struggle. He thanked God for the victory. He spoke in winning words to this struggler after light. He knelt with him and talked of this brother as the great lovers of the race are wont to speak when they commune with the Father of all.

The light came and William Evans went down from that house reconciled to God.

The settlement for the house? The amount was pressed on the young man as a loan, and payments were rendered so easy that he never felt any undue strain. Moreover, a part of the sum was given him as a reward for the finding of the money. And the preacher? Do not you think that scenes like this repay a man for labor and trial or sore agonizing of heart?—Mrs. F. L. Townsend.

The Campaign for the Pacific.

WE INTEND TO WIN, THOUGH IT TAKE ALL THE YEAR.

The campaign for The Pacific resulted in bringing in about 500 new subscribers.

We inaugurate another, which will extend to next January if need be.

We shall succeed. Comparatively few churches have done anything yet. Such success, as a few have attained, if attained by all, would give us more than the required number.

No church can afford to let this enterprise fail.

WHAT MAN HAS DONE MAN CAN DO.

The list can be doubled in every church.

Southern California alone ought to furnish 500 more subscribers.

Washington ought to furnish 500 more.

A WORD TO PASTORS.

Do not rely on mere mention from the pulpit. That will not succeed. Press for signatures with cards and pencils. Or arrange for able personal solicitation.

A WORD TO LAYMEN.

Laymen can help in this work. If in no other way, you can let your pastor know that this is a matter to be urgently brought before the people.

WHAT ONE DOLLAR WILL DO.

It will get the paper for one year for any one who subscribes now—even though the required number is not secured.

In case the required number is secured it will give all the dollar rate after that.

Young People

THE BEST OF ALL FOURTHS.

We put him to bed in his little night gown,
The worst battered youngster there was in the town;
Yet he yelled as he opened his only well eye,
"'Rah! 'Rah for the jolly old Fourth of July!"
Two thumbs and eight fingers with cloths were tied up,
On his head was a bump, like an upside-down cup;
And he smiled best he couldw with his nose all awry,
"I've had just the 'bossest' Fourth of July!"
We were glad, for he had been up with the sun.
Right into the midst of the powder and fun,
Where the cannon's loud boom sent its smoke to the sky—
Young America-like was the Fourth of July!
I said we were glad. All the pieces were there,
So we plastered and bound them with the tenderest care;
But out of the wreck came the words with a sigh,
"If tomorrow was only the Fourth of July!"
He will grow all together again, never fear,
And be ready to celebrate freedom next year;
But though it is selfish, we are thankful there lies
A crackerless twelvemonth 'twixt Fourth of Julys.
We kissed him good-night on his powder-specked face,
We laid his bruised hands softly down in their place;
And he murmured as sleep closed his one open eye,
"I wish every day was the Fourth of July!"

WHY JACK DID NOT GO TO THE PICNIC.

It was a Fourth of July picnic.

Jack and Jill, whose name isn't "Jill" at all, but Julia, had been talking about it for days and days, so you may be sure it wasn't Jack's fault that he didn't go.

And yet it was Jack's fault in a way; surely nobody else was one bit to blame.

I am sorry to say Jack is a selfish boy—sometimes.

He has a great many nice things to eat, but he isn't always willing to divide, even with Jill, who is the dearest, sweet-tempered little sister that a boy ever had, and Jack himself will tell you so.

Fourth of July morning a gentleman gave Jack a nice orange, for snatching a firecracker from under his horse's feet. The fire went out of its own accord before Jack picked up the cracker, and Jack told Mr. Billings so. But that didn't make any difference; he had the orange all the same, and he went home with it on the run.

Everybody was busy getting ready to start for the picnic, and Jack thought he would have a chance to eat his orange all alone. That doesn't look well, does it? nor sound well. It is what Jack was thinking, however, when he went through the shed into the back kitchen, and sat down on a bench and began to peel his orange.

All on a sudden he heard Jill coming in from the barn through the shed. Where could he go, out of sight?

The door o the great brick-oven stood open, though how it happened to be so, nobody could ever tell. The door was large enough for Jack to dive through and scarcely touch. The oven, which hadn't been used since Grandmother Horkin's time, was large enough for Jack to stand up in and not bump his head; and it had made him a hiding-place more than once, when he and Jill played hide-and-seek.

So into the oven went Jack with his orange, and Jill hurried by without so much as looking at the big, half-shut door.

Jack laughed softly. He was in no haste to get out of the oven again. It was rather a nice place for a feast, he thought. Looking up through the great chimney he could see blue sky and floating clouds; the chimney-swallows, too, were fluttering in and out, making a great fuss over their nests and eggs and little ones. But I don't believe one of those swallows ever thought of such a thing as going away by himself to eat a nice, juicy worm, do you?

So Jack lay down with his arm for a pillow, and ate his orange and gazed up at the sky and clouds and listened to the swallows. It was very pleasant, and Jack was very sleepy, because he had waked up with the first gun.

He was very sleepy, but he wouldn't go to sleep—not for anything. "It's nice in here," said he to himself, "but I'll crawl out—in—just—a—minute. I"—

Five minutes later Aunt 'Manda, going out through the kitchen saw the oven door open, and shut it with a bang. The noise didn't wake Jack; he was sleeping too soundly for that.

"Where is Jack?" asked mamma, when the carriage came around to the door.

"Ja-ack!" called his father. "All ready, Jack!"

"Captain Simpson took a whole hay-rack load o' boys over, said Aunt 'Manda. "I saw 'em go by just now. Prob'ly Jack's amongst 'em."

So Jack's papa picked up his reins and cracked his whip, and away rolled the carriage, with all the family, to the picnic grove, six miles away—all the family except Jack.

There were boys everywhere, playing ball and swinging and racing through the grove.

The children had a table by themselves, too, and it was not until after dinner that Miss Getchell, who was Jack's Sunday-school teacher, said to Mamma Craig, who was feeling greatly worried by this time:

"Where is your little boy today, Mrs. Craig?"

"Why, he is here," said Mamma Craig, with a dreadful sinking of her heart. "Isn't he here?"

"I—don't think so," answered Miss Getchell.

Mamma Craig flew one way, and Papa Craig another, and Aunt 'Manda another, as perhaps they ought to have done before, but nothing could be even heard of Jack. No one had seen him.

Then home went the Craigs as fast as the horses could carry them. Before they got to the house, they heard a sad outcry:

"O'oh, let me out! L-et me out!"

The sound came up and out of the big chimney. That was why they could hear it so plainly.

"It—why, it sounds like Jack!" cried mamma. "Where can he be?"

"I wa-ant to get ou-out! O-h dear, dear!"

He's somewhere in the house!" cried papa, throwing down his reins before the horses stopped. Poor little Jill began to cry. Mamma and Aunt 'Manda clambered out of the carriage and hurried in. Rattle! rattle!

"He's in the brick oven, sure's you're born!"

The latch of the oven door was broken, and, once in place, it couldn't be lifted from the inside. Mamma Craig, on the outside, lifted the latch, and out into her arms tumbled her poor, punished, grimy, tear-stained boy.

He cried a while, with his face on his mother's shoulder, before he tried to answer any questions. He had not been awake more than half an hour, so it wasn't really so bad as it might have been.

Pretty soon the whole story came out.

"Then you were hiding away from Jill?" asked Papa Craig severely.

"Yes—sir."

"So you needn't give her part of your orange?"

Jack hung his head and blushed. "Yes, sir."

"Then I'm glad this has happened," said Papa Craig, turning on his heel. "It serves you exactly—right."

And I'm inclined to think just so myself, though I wouldn't say it aloud for the world.

"Mamma," said Jack, a little later, "I'm going to divide with Jill all the rest of the time. I am, if I want to or not; and by and by I'll want to."—Ada Carleton.

ONLY.

It was **only** a blossom,
Just the merest bit of bloom,
But it brought a glimpse of summer
To the little darkened room.

It was **only** a glad "good morning,"
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day.

Only a song; but the music,
Though simply pure and sweet,
Brought back to better pathways
The reckless roving feet.

"Only," in our blind wisdom,
How dare we say at all?
Since the ages alone can tell us
Which is the great or small.

PACIFIC
TEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Located at Berkeley,
Seat of University.

Curriculum remodeled to present-day demands; includes valuable University advantages. Advanced Semitics. Teaching positive and constructive. Special facilities in English Language and Literature, History, Apologetics, Sociology and Practical Work. Classical, English and Special Courses offered. Open to qualified students of any Christian Church; to women as well as men. Location and climate unexcelled. Address President,

J. K. McLEAN, D.D.

SANATORIUM.

For Asthma and Rheumatism. At Napa Stock Farm.
Elevation one thousand feet.
Apply to Dr. J. Stark
1410 8th St., Oakland
SPECIALIST
For Appendicitis, Asthma and Rheumatism

THE CATHARINE

1589 Sacramento Street.
MRS. KATE S. HART, PROPRIETOR.

Formerly manager of the Ramona, a quiet, home-like house. Rooms have buffet kitchens, where persons can do light housekeeping. Hot water day and night. From Third and Townsend take Ellis street cars and transfer at Larkin. From Ferry take Sacramento street cars.

BLAKE, MOFFIT & TOWNE

DEALERS IN

PAPER

1400-1450 Fourth St., Cor. Michigan, San Francisco, Cal.
242 to 248 S. Los Angeles Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

OAKLAND KINDERGARTEN TRAINING CLASS

(State Accredited List.)

Sixteenth year opened last September.
New class opens September 15th.
Address:
MISS GRACE EVERETT BARNARD
1374 Franklin Street,
Oakland.

HUMOR IN SCHOOL.

The inspector was examining a junior class, and asked if any of them had ever seen a tomahawk. "I seen a hawk in a tree, but I didn't know if it was a Tommy hawk or a hen hawk," answered a little chap.

SAN FRANCISCO FREE KINDERGARTEN NORMAL SCHOOL
of the
Golden Gate Kindergarten Association
Organized July, 1891. Accredited by State Boar dof Education.
Miss Virginia Fitch, President.
Miss Anna M. Stovall, Principal.
Address: 1844 Polk St., Room 20.

POMONA COLLEGE,

CLAREMONT, CAL.

George A. Gates, D.D., LLD., President.

A Christian College for young men and women. Classical, Literary and Scientific courses. Schools of Music, Art and Design. Preparatory School fits for any college. Gives a complete college training.
Address for catalogue, etc.,
Prof. E. C. Norton, Ph. D., Dean.

MILLS COLLEGE.

For Young Women.

Only Woman's College on Pacific Coast. Offers same advantages as best Eastern institutions. Full Collegiate course. Degrees conferred. For three years only, the three upper classes of the Seminary Department, offering preparation for Mills College, the Universities, and Eastern Colleges, will be continued. (Accredited) Special opportunities in Domestic Science, Music and Art. Earnest Christian influences; nonsectarian; all forms of healthful outdoor amusements. Ideal location in beautiful Oakland hills. Fall term begins August 12, 1908. For catalogue and Brochure of views address,

MRS. C. T. MILLS,
President Mills College P. O., Calif.

OVERLAND LIMITED

Crosses

HIGH SIERRA
GREAT SALT LAKE
By Daylight

CHICAGO IN 3 DAYS

Electric Lighted—Fast Flying Cross-Country Train—Luxuriously Equipped.

Pullman Drawing Room, Stateroom, Vestibuled Sleeping Cars.

Careful and Attentive Dining Service.

Parlor Observation Car with Library and Cafe, Ladies' Reading Room, Gentlemen's Smoking Room.

Daily News Bulletins, Latest Papers and Magazines.

Southern Pacific